FIGARO IN LONDON.

Satire should like a polish'd razar keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinade and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones), of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 402. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1839 PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE GOVERNMENT RULERS.

There is no effect without a cause. Now the effects of the present Whig government have been seen and felt with a vengeance, and we have only to look for the cause.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause."

That my Lord Melbourne has, and does possess extraordinary power over our youthful Queen, the events of the last few years, if not months, will fully establish beyond the shade of a shadow of a doubt. And that the big beggarman, the mighty O'Connell, with his tail, rules the pet lamb Melbourne will easily be believed; while the agitator is himself under the influence of his holiness the Pope, whom many believe to be governed by the devil. Now whether his sable majesty is in reality the master spirit or not cannot be proved, and is only to be judged of by inferences drawn from effects, the natural result of causes. Our artist has beautifully illustrated the relative position in which the parties stand as connected one with the other, leaving to the prolific imagination of the spectator, whereabouts the gentleman in black (who is invisible) ought to be placed. His graphic pencil speaks the meaning of the whole, and exposes the grand cause. The Pope dictates to O'Connell, O'Connell dictates to Melbourne, and Melbourne dictates to the Queen, and persuades her (poor unsuspecting innocence) to become the month-piece of his mighty master.

The Queen by Melbourne's honey'd tongue is led,
Melbourne by the nose by O'Connell's led:
O'Connell by the Pope is wrought; evil,
The Pope himself is govern'd by the devil.
Thus the cause we find, the effect we know—
Melbourne, O'Connell, and the Pope should go below.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE QUEEN'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Queen. My dear Lord Melbourne I have something of importance to disclose to you—but you wont tell Ma?

Melbourne. Not a bit of it—what is it? Your looking charming this morning. The colour on your cheek outvies the rose. You look a perfect love.

Queen. Love! Am I a perfect love Melbourne? I wonder whether that young——

[*The Queen smiles and puts her little finger in her mouth.*

Melbourne. Young what dear?

Queen. That young—now don't laugh—you make me blush so—that young gentleman I met in the park yesterday thinks so?

Melbourne. What young gentleman?

Queen. Why that young man—that handsome young man—don't you know who I mean? I declare you are quite stupid—he with those bushy whiskers and eyes like stars, so bright and sparkling.

Melbourne. Why, my dear little mistress, you are really, what Lord Brougham would say if he was Lord Chancellor, non compos.

Queen. No, I ain't non compos but quite compos mentis, and if Lord Brougham had dared to have said so I'd have pulled his beak for him, that's what I would. Now if you say I am non compos again I'll go instantly and turn you all out of office, and thereby prove beyond a doubt that I am perfectly sane and know how to unkennel rogues and vagabonds.

Melbourne. Well, I won't say so any more. But what about this handsome young man.

Queen. Why this about him—the young man loves me, and I love him, and I want to get married, and I will be married and now you have it—and how do you like it?

Melbourne. You surely don't mean to say that you are in love?

Queen. Yes I do—why not? Have I not as much right to be in love as you?

Melbourne. Certainly, only you should be more discreet.

Queen. Now that's good. You talk about discretion when you know what I saw you do the other day with Miss ——.

Melbourne. Silence! there's a dear, and you shall marry whoever you like.

Queen. Shall I? Now you promise me—you say so?

Melbourne. I do.

Queen. And if you break your word I will out with all I know—tell Ma and all the Court about it—you little thought I saw you through the keyhole. That's a very nice sofa, Lord Melbourne.

Melbourne. Ah, ah, ah! say no more about it, there's a dear. One day this handsome young man may be playing with you in the same manner, who knows.

Queen. Will he? Oh! how nice that would be. What would Ma say if she saw me sitting upon a sofa with "sich a nice young man." Only think if he was to kiss me—how I should blush—I never have been kissed by a man, how his whiskers would tickle.

Melbourne. Your time is all to come.

Queen. I wish it would make haste then. I wish I was not a Queen. Can't get married and do as other folks do. Look at Miss P. and Lady B. and the Hon. Miss R. look how they romp and play and pull the men about just like nothing at all, while I sit doing nothing but look like a fool and smiling like a lunatic. I hate such humbug and I wont look like a Queen any longer. I want to be pulled about, and I will be pulled about, that's what I will—here Portman.

Melbourne. What now do you want?

Queen. What do I want! Why to direct my horse to be got ready, I'll ride about the park after this young man with the whiskers, and if I find him I'll knight him, I'll call him a Knight of the Park, that's what I will.

Melbourne. Why surely your Majesty's mad.

Queen. Mad am I? Here Portman, tell the Ladies of the Household that Lord Melbourne kissed Lady ——

[*Lord Melbourne stops her Majesty's mouth.*

Melbourne. Forgive me, I wont do so again.

Queen. You had better not, I wont stay with you, that's what I wont.

[*Queen makes her exit in a rage.*

Melbourne. A little spitfire.

THE SACRED MONTH.

What a set of tom noodles the mob must be to be led away by such a foolish scheme as the sacred month or rather the starving month. Those that have no money to support themselves in their sacred hours would find a queer pinching in their intestines, and very soon their blessed bellies would be squalling out, like so many little pigs, against the advisers of so absurd a proposition. The thing is altogether so painfully stupid, and the concoctors of such nonsense are so well aware of the fact that it will end like all their other wonderful inventions, in smoke. It don't require very much sense to understand that the man of wealth can longer linger in a state of abeyance or stagnation than those poor unhappy devils who have not the wherewithal to float upon. It is useless for a beggar to snarl at a king. We are amazed that any man could be found so exceedingly stupid as to join a meeting for so absurd and miserable a purpose. The sacred months will affect one thing. It will starve, like so many frozen out gardeners, a body of men and their wives and families, without effecting the least possible good. This is the opinion of Figaro who has often dug deep into the stupidity and hypocrisy of the country, and whose advice has ever been looked up to with the profoundest respect. Men of sense! men of understanding! Be warned in time. Take the advice of your best and true friend Figaro—abandon the idea of starving yourselves and families, and learn to act like men, and not like so many escaped lunatics.

THE QUEEN AND HER MOTHER.

Her Majesty has found that it dont exactly do to throw her mother off, and accordingly she has condescended to take her mother on again, that is to say, to go with her to the Opera, and to pay visits in her company. The fact is, that Victoria finds there is more to be gained by her than by her mother from a reconciliation, and that when they are at enmity, the public look upon her worse and upon her mother better, than is to the little lady quite agreeable.

Whatever may be the motive, we are rejoiced at the effect, which is to make the royal couple live in a more respectable state of companionship than they have done hitherto. We hope the new order of things will be lasting.

WELLINGTON LOGIC.

On the second reading of the Penny Postage Bill in the House of Lords, the other evening, the Duke of Wellington observed, "that as they could not alter any of the clauses, they had no other alternative but to reject or pass them." Surely his Grace was poking his fun at his brother peers, for the dullest pate in that or the lower house (and there are plenty in both), required no ghost to come from the grave to tell them that. But we suppose that it is a new species of logic, and emanating from his grace, will become parliamentary. They say in the Critic, "The Spanish fleet you cannot see because 'tis not in sight," which is much the same as, "If we don't reject we must pass them! Bravo Arthur!

THE POOR BANK OF ENGLAND.

Why how mighty queer the Bank of England must be to want to borrow two millions of money from the Bank of France, and what a tremendous face the poor old tottering thing of the city must have pulled when it found out that the French people would not trust them—only think of that now! Our Bank of England not to be trusted for fear it should not pay! The French gammoned the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, that they were not allowed to lend unless the security was substantial and of a French nature. A polite way of refusing certainly. The fact was they knew the tottering state of our poor forlorn bank, and thought it no go and therefore refused. The Bank of England has nicely exposed its misery and privation to the world, and we should not be surprised to find a heavy call upon them, and thereby ruin and break the thing outright. It is all very fine to offer six and eight per cent without the means of paying it. Their motive is to get the money into their own hands, and then delude the people by saying it is quite secure in the Bank of England—it is as safe as the bank—yes, no doubt of that, but how safe is the bank? That fun wont do for us, and we have taken out the twenty thousand pounds that have for the last three years been standing in the name of "Figaro in London," and paid it into the hands of our own private bankers where we intend it to remain until we can lay it out in good landed property, the best and only safe way to have it properly and satisfactorily secured. Thank the Pigs! the Bank of England had enough to pay us our twenty thousand, or we should have been inclined to have set fire to its old walls and made the best of what we could out of the ruins. We shall be very cautious for the future, and look twice before we again deposit it for security in the Bank of England.

DRAMA, NATIONAL AND LEGITIMATE.

Since the closing of Covent Garden, a gloom has been spread over the London stage—while that theatre was open a degree of interest existed as connected with the profession. The play-going world anxiously each morning looked, first for the bills of the day, and then for the daily papers, in order to be informed of what had and what was to be done. It is true, we have the Haymarket, English Opera, and Strand open, as well as a host of minor houses, but they create no sensation. The two first may be legitimate, but none of them national. Pure comedy and opera, are a charming species of entertainment, but then they are not comprehended by the million—the frequenters of a drawing room, the scholar and the wit, can alone understand and appreciate the high flown flights of fancy, or the well-drawn picture of high-life—and none but musicians can be enraptured with the musical productions of the day—(albeit, that fashion creates many a pretender to the art)—But not so with Tragedies—the passions there being strongly depicted—are comprehensive to the most uninformed, and when well pourtrayed by the actor, vibrates on the nerves of the spectator.—Hence it is—that tragedies are more generally admired, and run after than comedies—that the tragic walk is the most exalted on the stage, and that the tragedian can alone arrive at the top of the profession—and hence it is that tragedies are national, while comedies and operas are only legitimate. That the two major establishments would prosper better, playing all tragedies, than they would by playing all comedies or operas, is past a doubt as a proof of which, we have only to refer to the last season, at the two houses. At the garden Comedies were acted twice, and operas some half dozen times, except as after pieces, and yet the season wes most prosperous; while at Drury Lane, operas were the standing dish, garnished with ballets, horses and wild animals, but notwithstanding the extraordinary musical talent of the establishment, it was closed prematurely for want of the public's support, and why? simply because there was nothing national connected with it, and consequently did not interest the great mass of the people. At the Haymarket, though the hot bed of comedy, comedies alone will not do, which the manager knowing, wisely seasons with a spice of something else, and is continually producing novelties, to keep up the attractive qualities of his theatre, while the English Opera has for years past, failed, beause the performances have been legitimate but not national.

It will be asked, "why do the minor houses do so well their playing pieces neither national or legitimate," the reason is, that the melo dramas, which the legitimate property of the minors, are constructed after the style of the national drama, (tragedies) that they are full of incidents highly wrought-up, incorporated with all the human passions, and blended with events, possible although improbable. The audience of a minor theatre, consists of the more humble and less instructed portion of mankind, and their senses are easier approached by the eye, than the ear, this the managers know, and consequently so cater as to suit the taste of their supporters. If, therefore, the minor manager pays attention to the wants and wishes of his few patrons, how much more so ought the major one to do—when he is expected to furnish entertainment for all, the rich, the poor, the learned and the uninformed. To manage Drury Lane, or Covent Garden theatre, is no easy task, it requires the undivided attention of the parties, a clear judgment—an unbiassed mind—a quick conception—and energetic execution—a firm resolve—a refined taste, and then by a judicious blending of the national and legitimate, he may succeed in pleasing the public, and thereby reaping the reward of his labour, in the cause of the drama.

THE CHINA TRADE.

It has been recently announced that the China trade has stopped, and that all the British subjects have been taken prisoner. This is devilish cool on the part of the Chinese, and we only hope that something will be immediately done to set them perfectly right, as to the determination or this country, to stand no nonsense odds, butter cups and tea cups, shall we, allow a parcel of long-tailed turn-up toed, beardless, china spoonies, to do us out of our dish of tea, by interdicting the trade with us, and imprisoning British subjects. Why good gracious! what is to become of the tea total societies, if we are to have no tea imported from China again! what is to become of the washerwomen? How are our large and important washes to be accomplished? What is to become of our soiled sheets, and dirty counterpanes? How is the scandal of this country to be carried on unless over a tea tablet and how the devil is a tea table to be furnished forth without the aid of tea?

These are no light questions. These are not the mere ebullitions of fancy warmed by the heated exaggerations of eloquence and poetry. They are important, political and ethical considerations, demanding all the shrewdness of the philosopher, and the soundness of the moralist to elucidate.

But to put aside the glowing and fervid language of the passionate declaimer, and to come to the sterner tone of plain sense. We would ask, what the dence is to be done if we can't get any tea. There is no doubt that should there be a falling off in the supply of the salubrious leaf, the result of the washerwomen will not so easily be put down as the rising of the chartists. We strongly recommend the govercment to look to it, before things have gone to an extent that is irremediable.

ROYAL GRECIAN SALOON CITY ROAD.

Proprietor, Mr. T. Rouse.

Miss Forde having been received in the most flattering manner, will appear every evening in conjunction with the Concert and Vaudeville Company. Mon. George and Miss Lane, assisted by the Anglo-Bedwin Arabs, whose Dancing, Classical Delineations &c. are so highly approved, also perform every night. Fireworks, Illuminations, Cosmorama's and the other numerous attractions, for which see bills. Balls this week, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, Master of the ceremonies Mr. Turner. The grounds superintended by Mr. Campbell. The whole under the direction of Mr. Raymond. N. B. On Monday the 26th a Grand Gala Fete with great and additional attraction for the Benefit of Mr. Rouse, Proprietor.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

Astonishing attraction of Mr. Wieland and, the Daughter of the Danube!!!

On Monday and during the Week "The Executioner of Paris," Julian Dormeley, Mr. W. L. Rede. After which the magnificent Ballet of the "Daughter of the Danube," the Imp, Mr. Wieland, in which will be introduced the celebrated Phantom Flight. To conclude with the Grand Spectacle of "Timour of Tartar." Boxes, 2s., Pit, 1s., Gallery, 6d.

NEW VAUXHALL AND ROYAL BATH GARDENS.

King's Road, Chelsea.

Astounding Novelty! First attempt of the kind in England.

Monday, August 19th, will be represented in the grounds of the above elegant suburban retreat, the taking of Fort Bhurtpore, in Upper India, adjoining the Mysore country, by Lord Combemere, on the 18th of January, 1826 which drove the usurper, Doorjan Lalla from the throne, and reinstated the lawful sovereign, Balwent Sing. The walls were 65 feet thick, and bastioned at intervals, the principal of which was mined with 2,000lbs. of powder when it exploded; the grenadier company of the British regiments being too near the mouth of the mine were nearly all destroyed. The British had 3,000 killed and wounded. The exhibition will call into exercise the whole energies of the establishment, assisted by hundreds of auxiliaries. The usual vocal and instrumental Concert will be in the open orchestra. Open at 7, Concert commence at 8; Storming the Fort, at 9. Artist, Mr. T. W. Hall. Pyrotechnist, M. Turnour. Admission one shilling; juveniles, half price.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM SALOON,

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

This splendid Establishment will be opened on Monday, August, 19th, under the new Management of Messrs R and J. Huish, with a new and talented company. Full particulars of which will be announced in a few days. Admission one shilling, including a refreshment ticket.

ROYAL SURRY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Under Her Majesty's Immediate Patronage.

Open daily from 10 till dusk with the Largest and most Splendid Collection of Animals in Europe, and a Stupendous, Novel Panoramic Modelled View of Mount Hecla, the celebrated Volcano of Iceland.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, Evenings, commencing at Six o'Clock, a Grand Promenade 'Musicale et Champetre,' by an Unrivalled Band of Wind Instruments, conducted by Mr. Godfrey, and at dusk a unique display of Pyrotechnic Art, representing in a style of surprising grandeur, the terrible and sublime phenomena of an Eruption of Mount Hecla! Admission at all times One Shilling.

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

In consequence of indifferent state of the weather, Concert are performed with the other entertainments in the splendid large room. Admission 1s. including refreshment.

CHIT CHAT.

Harvey opens Weymouth on Monday—Miss Vivyan (who was so lavishly praised in the Globe and Dispatch,) has opened the Southend theatre, (we pity the victim.) Van Amburgh and his animals are in Paris—Fanny Wyndham is married to F. Lablache Vandenhoff and daughter, and Mr. Anderson are at Liverpool—An Italian Opera was performed at Manchester, on Monday and Tuesday last—Morris Bennett has returned from Edinburgh—and is going to Birmingham—Madame Vestris is about to have a new entrance constructed for her own private use in Queen's Place—It is reported that Balfe intends to open the English Opera House next season on his own account—Addison and J. W. Ray, are engaged at Drury Lane, so is little Oxberry—G. Bennett—C. Baker and James Wallack—There was a disturbance at the Garrick on Monday, in consequence of Denvil playing for the first time since the Gold Dust production. The Shemies kicked up a dust in reality. Denvil was fairly beaten out of the field—At Windsor they are doing but indifferently, notwithstanding the goodness of their company—C. Pool opens on Monday, at Maidenhead—G. Stansbury goes to Newcastle, with Terman, as musical director and leader.

THEATRICALS.

Haymarket.—The re-appearance of Mr. Power produced an overflow. The comedy of 'Single Life' continues its deservedly successful career, and it may be said already to have established itself in public opinion, as a highly meritorious production. Mr. Macready appears on Monday in 'Othello,' although the success of the theatre might warrant the non-appearance at present of that gentleman, yet we do not blame the manager for keeping up the extraordinary attraction of that establishment. Mr. Webster has proved himself to be a clever tactician in the art of managing—he has been successful, and follows up with energy the principles he started upon.

Richmond.—The theatre since its opening has been well attended, the company is good, and the management spares neither expense or exertion in catering for their friends. Mr. Betty jun. has been playing there during the past week, and was on each evening favourably received by a fashionable audience. This young gentleman is making rapid progress in his profession, for he most assuredly possesses innumerable qualifications, which backed up by industry and perseverance must enable him to take a prominent position on the stage. That Mr. Betty has some faults will not be doubted or wondered at, when it is remembered that without an exception the profession of an actor is the most difficult in existence, for however bountiful nature may have been in her gifts, and great as may have been the scholastic acquirements, or whatever may be the theory, it is practice alone that can make the actor. But the faults of young Betty are not so glaring as to hide the beauties of his acting, for they are many. His figure is graceful, his features pleasing, his voice rich and powerful—his conception just, and his execution full of animation. The performances on Wednesday were under the patronage of Lady Augusta Gordon, and on Friday, the noble Earl Mount Edgecombe bespeaks.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—On Friday, the week we witnessed at this populous little theatre, Mr. Elton, in the character of Richard the third, and his performance throughout displayed considerable judgment and much energy, and does honor to himself and the profession. It was an intellectual treat. We trust that the minor houses will follow the footsteps of Mr. Macready, and endeavour to bring forth good legitimate plays, with efficient scenery and thereby prove to the public their own taste for what is good, and see if there are not those who will support them in their praiseworthy intentions. It is useless to suppose that one man just above mediocrity can, without good scenery and proper actors to support him cram a theatre, but let the managers go to as much expense in getting up a good old play as they do to get up a drama of Fitzball's, and we doubt not that they would reap a harvest, considerably greater than the momentary effervescence derived from the blood stained pieces so often brought out, both damning the taste and drowning the intellect of an audience with noise and confusion. The soliloquy of Gloucester upon his first entrance, Mr. Elton delivered in a masterly style particularly where he is pondering upon the crown, and thinking how much he has to undergo ere he can possess it. His soul seemed ful with his ambition, when he said "but then 'tis fixed at such a height" his bright and intelligent eyes looked upwards as if he saw the golden diadem shining through all its barriers, lighting him onward to his wishes. It was a performance equal and in many parts superior to the greatest of all being actors Macready, inasmuch as Macready has not that power of voice so necessarily requisite for Richard, and although we do not place Mr. Elton on a par with Mr. Macready altogether, yet we cannot help thinking that he is in many characters equal and in some superior. Mr. Elton is what is seldom met with in actors a scholar and a gentle-

man. Mr. Cathcart was the duke of Buckingham, and we were surprised at his bad acting, knowing as we do, that he likewise a scholar and a gentleman, and ought to do considerably better things than he has been doing of late. Since he has been engaged at this theatre, he has obtained a horrible drawl whice lingers disagreeably into his after words, and drowns what he utters, in the same manner as the clamorous report of war, would drown the voices of thousands. When he first made his appearance in London, in 'Cromwell,' in Miss Milford's play of that name, we thought him a tolerably good actor although an imitator of Macready, but now he seems to have dropped the imitation system to give way to an original and peculiar mode of utterance, which is, we must really confess, irksome in the extreme, and although he may gain by his noise the applause of the gods he ought to know that it is not acting, and we advise him therefore to reform it altogether as it only makes the judicious grieve. Of the rest the least said the better. We advise, however, Mr. Dry, the celebrated murderer, at this theatre, and who we know many a time and oft to have, in one night, put an end to fourteen lives in a most becoming and masterly manner, not to spout out so abominably and play with the language of Shakespeare so atrociously. It would be well, too, if that conceited fop J. Webster, were to study how to speak blank verse ere he again enacts Richmond. The two Misses Hicks', who performed the two young princes are clever children, particularly the youngest, and if proper care and attention be bestowed upon them, will make a noise in the theatrical world hereafter.

THEATRE ROYAL MARGATE.—Mr. Betty jun. has been playing here. The talents of this gentleman has been the theme of admiration of the public, and the press, throughout the provinces, to an extent for which we have no parrallel on record, except in the career of his honoured father. But the greatest proof after all, of the powers of Mr. Betty, lies in the fact, that in no one instance, up to the present time, has he failed to enrich the treasurery coffers of those managers who have been fortunate enough to secure his services. In Margate the law of success has not been broken; for during his engagement with Mr. Saville, he has drawn more cash to the house than any star that has appeared for the last half dozen years. The house has been nightly crowded with the most fashionable audiences. In personal appearance, we must safely say the stage has not Mr. Betty's equal. His figure is tall, graceful, and well proportioned, his features regular, pleasing, and capable of much animation, and every variety of expression. His voice is rich, melodious, and of great power; and in the developement of deep feeling, effective and touching. In Alexander, his bearing, tone, and gestures, were admirable. The inordinate vanity, the unbounded pride of the victor of Granicus and Issus, were excellently pourtrayed. His very smile was haughty. In the interview and tender reconciliation with Statira, the young tragedian was eminently successful. The ungovernable fury which impels him to stab Clitus at the banquet, was depicted with thrilling effect, and the passionate remorse over the body of that 'worthiest friend and bravest soldier,' intermingled with reproaches to Hephestion and Lysimachus, for not staying his rash hand was powerfully expressed. But it was in the last scene that the triumph of the actor was complete; where labouring under the effects of poison, he leaps upon the chair of state, and in the distraction of his intellects, fancies himself bestriding the noble Bucephalus, ordering the array of battle, crossing the Granic flood, and directing the advance of the Macedonian Phalanx. The excitement of the audience was here at his height. In the 'Royal Oak' his best scenes were those in which he receives the roundhead envoy; and when having failed to release young Windham from the hands of Fairfax, he throws off his disguise and surrenders himself as the King. The classical position which he threw himself into, and the delivery of the words took the audience fairly by surprise, and he received deservedly three distinct rounds of applause. Nor was the scene that follows, where he delivers Windham into the hands of Eleanor his bride, less effective. But the master piece was the concluding scene where with his boat upon the shore he bids adieu to his faithful adherents. The deep feeling with which he took his last farewell, drew many a tear from eyes that were anxious to conceal the involuntary emotion. The inhabitants were so enraptured with his performance, that he was compelled to appear before them at the conclusion of each night of his engagement; a compliment they never before paid to any other actor. Mr. Betty dresses his parts with such historical accuracy that he is an artist as well as an actor. Mr. Betty we are ready to admit has some few faults, but they are such as study and experience will entirely remove. We have been led into greater length than we intended, or we should have noticed the company generally. It is but justice to observe that the pieces were respectably got up, and did Mr. Saville some credit.

THE TOURNAMENT AT EGLINTON CASTLE

We had hoped that the inability of the spendthrift *roue's* engaged in this tomfoolery to get credit for their trappings might have prevented its taking place at all; but we suppose the tin has been found somewhere, for the various dish covers, saucepan lids, and kitchen spits, which are to do duty, as shields, bucklers and lances, on this most quicotic occasion.

Notwithstanding the intense stupidity of this silly affair, it is perhaps better that the young noodles engaged in it should break dolls and helmets than windows and gaslights. It is perhaps better that they should singly run full tilt at a stuffed puppet than rush furiously and in large numbers upon a drowsy watchman. As far as this tournament goes, we completely admit their right to do as they please with their own, and if they have a particular penchant for getting their own heads broken, God forbid, that we should say nay, to the harmless arrangement.

The question has been raised as to the legal responsibility of any of the parties should death ensue from their awkward justings but we really think that considering the utter uselessness of any of the parties and the absence of any possibility of loss to society by the homicide of any of them, the whole affair and all its consequences ought to be winked at. The question ought to be one entirely between the knights and their creditors.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN Mr. WAKELY, and the UXBRIDGE MAGISTRATES.

The following is the whole of the correspondence that has past between the above parties with reference to the late murder at Harefield.

The Magistrates to Mr. Wakely.

The magistrates have to express their surprise that Mr. Wakely should have ordered the committal to Newgate, of a prisoner whom they felt a strong curiosity to examine and beg to demand that the said prisoner be immediately given up to them.

To this note Mr. Wakely sent the following reply.

Mr. Wakely begs to acknowledge the receipt of the note from the magistrates of Uxbridge, and must observe in reply that they proved themselves such d—d old twaddlers in the affair of Medhurst, that he (Mr. Wakely,) will not give any facility to them to interfere in the case in question. With respect to delivering up the prisoner, Mr. Wakely respectfully wishes that they may get him.

When this reply was read to the Bench by the proper officer a resolution was passed, declaring themselves to be flabbergasted and in that condition they still continue.

THE WELLINGTON FESTIVAL.

This seems destined to be a shabby set out after all for the managers of it are advertising for dinners, on the lowest possible scale, and seem resolved to accept the very cheapest tender that is made to them. The dinner is to be cold, and so appears to be the reception of the scheme altogether.

READING IN BED.

The practice of reading in bed is decidedly generous in any shape, and under any circumstances, but the danger may be most materially enhanced or diminished according to what is the nature of the book the party may chance to be reading. A young lady near High Wycombe, had got old of a book, and after retiring to bed had commenced reading, when she fell asleep, and her wicked candle set fire to her bed curtains. If loss of life had been the consequence it would have been a most material point for enquiry by the coroner, what the book was the young lady had been and if it could have been shown that the dulness of the contents had induced the sleep of the lady, and this set fire to the house ought not the author to have been indicted for arson and murder, or at least for manslaughter. In any case there should have been a deodand on the work whatever it might have been—whether a novel by Theodore Hook, or a new play by Planche—by-the-bye Hook's last farrago of trash called, derths, deaths and marriages will never set the thames on fire, whatever effect it may produce upon the bed curtains.

THE BIRMINGHAM COUNCEL FUDDLE IN A STORM.

The civic authorities of Birmingham, seem to rival in bombast and twaddle even those of London, if we may judge by a recent meeting crowned for the purpose of opposing the new police bill. Each fat and punchy alderman appears to have considered himself a Mark Antony, at the very lowest estimate, and what we showed call the greatest inconvenience is that they all want to be leading men, and thus are placed in the position of the company of amateur actors, who, in getting up 'Othelle,' found they had twelve Moors, as many Iagos, six Cassios, and three Roderigos, but not such a King as Montano, a Duke or a Ludovicco, and the whole lot of them. Such is generally the case with town councellors and aldermen. Every one determines to be first, and no one thinks of being last, and thus considerable inconvenience is occasioned.

We had hoped that our own cockney court of aldermen constituted the greatest collection of noodles in the known world, but those of Birmingham surpass in modelism those of the metropolis one ass at Birmingham thought it necessary to remark that he was not ambitious of powor. We should like to know what sort of power a Birmingham cotton man could be suspected to be ambitious of, another noohle solemnly declared that he did not aspire to the dictatorship of this country. We should like to catch a Birmingham hard ware man presuming to dictate any thing beyond a bill of parcels, or hints for a trade circular, Another noodle threw back with scorn the imputation of those who charged him with entertaing any opinions against the established church. This must be gratifying news for the bench of bishops. It must be consoling and in some degree encouraging to the fathers in God to know that Pipkins of Birmingham who sells iron knives, and csils them steel is not opposed to the church establishment. Verily these Birmingham town councellors require taking down a great many more pegs than one, and it is a job we shall be very happy to do for them.

THE BIRMINGHAM DISTURBANCES.

Is appears that Whig vengeance is to alight on a poor devil with one leg and a crutch, whose life is to be forfeited on account of his alleged intention to reduce Birmingham to ashes, overthrow the state, and despise the government. It certainly must be considered an important selection that the Whigs have made, and it would have been much better had they hit on some one with the full compliment of legs and limbs, as there might have been more excuse for regarding such a person in a formidable light than there is for depriving the cripple Howell of his existence. The chief evidence against the poor deluded devil is, that he flourished a crutch and joined in the chorus of Rule Britainnia, but how either of these proceedings can be regarded as dangerous to the state we really cannot determine. It may be urged by the friends of the Whig government, that it is necessary to make an example, but examples to warn against promoters of revolution, should not be chosen from one legged flourishes of crutches, and vociferous singers of the chorus of Rule Britainnia.

DESIRABLE BUSINESS.

An advertisement in one of the weekly papers invites the attention of those who are in want of a 'shut up shop,' which is declared offers an opportunity most especially eligible and not often to be met with, certainly a party taking a 'shut up shop' may have an opportunity of opening it, but what else there is an opportunity for the advertiser does not think it necessary to take the trouble of stating. A shut up shop' can offer but few temptations we should think to any speculator, but why it should be particularly recommended to 'cheesemongers,' is a shade or two further beyond the scope of our philosophy.

THE FATHER OF THE ARMY.

We perceive that an old general has lately kicked the bucket whom the papers pleasantly describe as the 'father of the army.' We should rather decline the honour of having tne whole army affiliated upon us however distinguished the title might be considered, for a man who is called the, father of the army,' is about as noisy and ungovernable a family as it is possible to conceive. We should like to know how the general in question obtained his paternity of the whole British soldiery, and we should further be glad to be enlightened as to the positive number of those who are in fact the children of the gallant general.

THE TOURNAMENT HUMBUG.

We understand that in consequence of the near approach of this egregious piece of donkeyism, saucepan lids and tin tea kettles have gone up to an enormous premium. Tin tea kettles were last quoted at nine and three-eighths, and dish covers fully sustained last week's prices. There was some alarm among the holders of fish saucepans in the early part of the day, owing to a report that the lids only would be required for shields, and that the saucepan parts could not bear beating out into bucklers, but several knights having come into the market and purchased them, the fish kettles recovered their buoyancy and left off very firm indeed. Dutch ovens were greatly depressed at first, but they speedily recovered themselves and left off much more firmer than could have been expected. Bonnets were not at all enquired for, and left off at yesterday's prices. Nothing was done in shaving pots and those who had mugs seemed resolved upon holding them.

THE SACRED MONTH.

The alarming tomfoolery of the recommendation of the National Convention to the working classes, that they shall abstain from work for a month, has of necessity exploded, and it has oozed down into a quiet suggestion that a certain Monday and Tuesday shall be observed as holidays. When we remember that most journeyman work four days in the week for the purpose of being drunk the remaining three, the suggestion not to get drunk on Monday and Tuesday appears to be a little gratuitous. The sacred month had it been observed would have been sacred to what? to rolling about drunk in the gutters, tossing for pies on Kennington Common, and holding out sedition every where. It is a most excellent thing for the public peace that the drunken project of the sacred month has been abandoned. It would not only have peopled our treadmills, our police offices, and our gutters, but it would have produced no more political effect than the footstep of a bug upon a block of adament.

CAUTION!!! against FRAUD!!!

W. GRIMSTONE begs to inform the Nobility and Public, that the following LABEL, and no other, is attached to his celebrated Eye Snuff, look to the signature of the Inventor, with the Royal Patronage on each Canister.

GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF,
Patronised by His late Majesty,
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And Authorised by the Lords of the Treasury.

This Snuff, which is manufactured entirely from highly Ar matic Herbs, indigenous to the country, is already so fully established in the estimation of the Nobility and Public, that any comment or eulogy in its praise would be superfluous. It has been much recommended, and even used, by several members of the medical profession; and its advantages can be testified by thousands of individuals who have been essentially benefited by its use.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—This odoriferous Snuff may be used in any quantity, but ought not to be omitted every night and morning. In the morning the eyes will require to be washed with warm water, or milk and water, to remove whatever secretion may have been produced during the night.

OBSERVE!—The only Genuine is sold in Canisters, at 8d., 1s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 4s. 4d., 8s., and 15s. 6d. each.

Wholesale and Retail at 39, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, and 24, King-street; Manufactory, Bowl-yard, late 371, Strand, London.

☞ None is Genuine that has not this Label, signed by me, *W. Grimstone*

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CHAMBERLAIN, Manufacturer of the EYE-PRESERVING SPECTACLES, upon unerring principles, respectfully informs the Public that his Prices are less than half those usually charged by other Opticians.

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Best Brazilian Pebbles in gold frames	£1 15 0	for Ladies.
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Ditto ditto ditto joints	0 16 0	.. Gentleman.
Ditto ditto tortoiseshell frame	0 10 0	.. Ladies.
Ditto ditto strong steel frame	0 6 6	.. Mechanics.

The above are all glazed with the clearest Brizilian pebbles, composed of pure chryst which is acknowledged by Oculists, to be the most pellucid and perfect substance tha can be used for spectacles. Best Glasses, in steel frames, from 1s. 6d. to 8s. 6 Glazier's Patent Plough Diamonds, 12s 6d. A variety Ditto ditto best horn ditto, 2s. 6d.

Country and Foreign correspondents may be suited eithe by sending the glass last used o part of it, or by stating the distance they can read common type, specifying the length of tim they have used spectacles. Established 1822.

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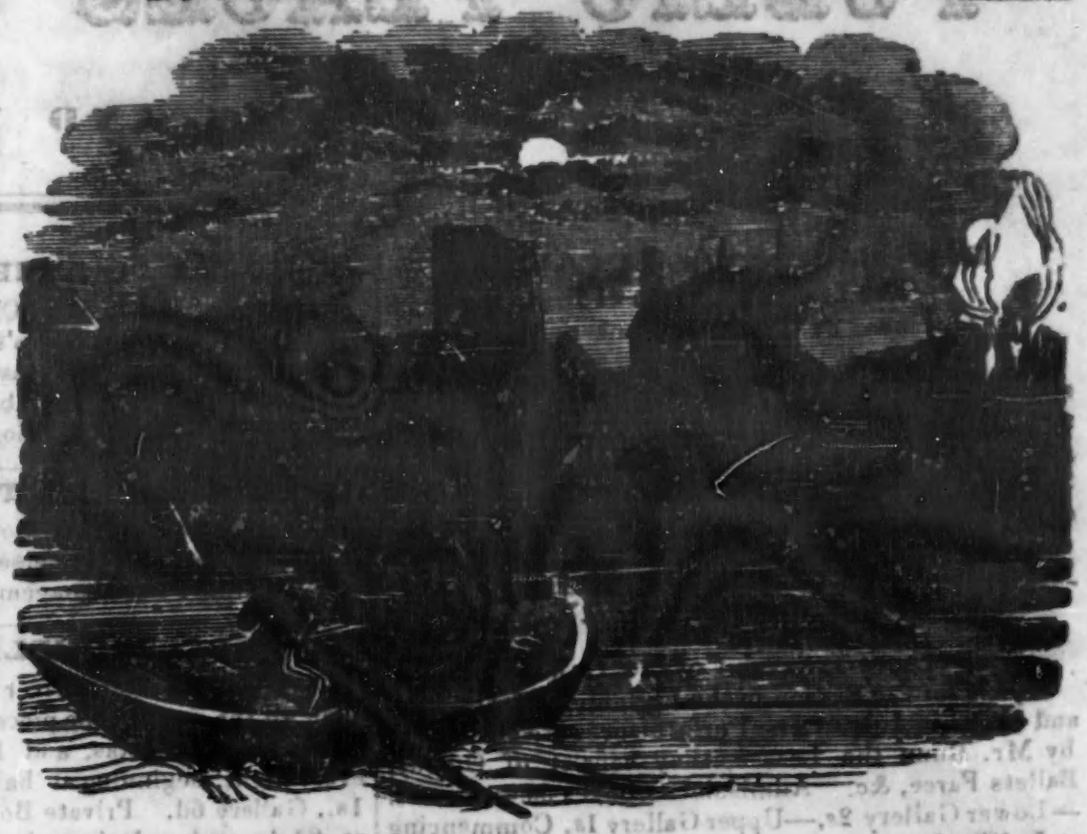

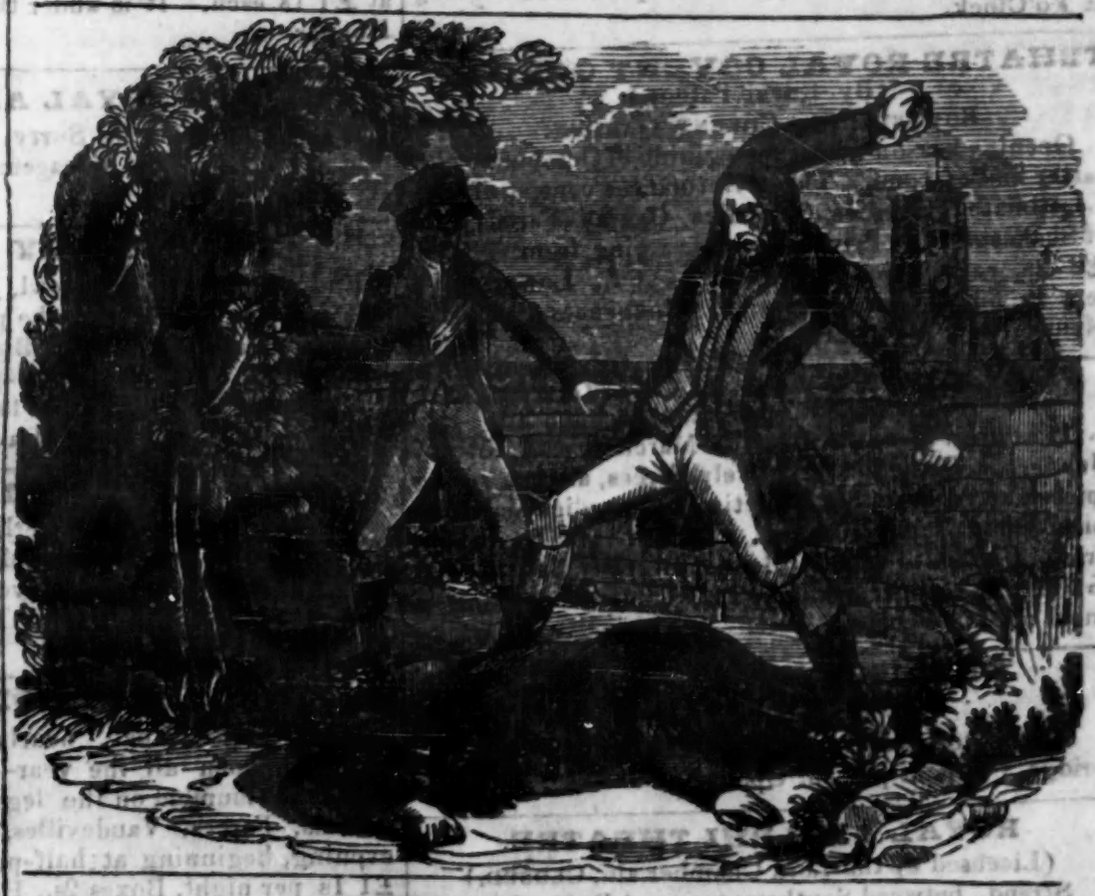

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC

DR. BRANDRETH wished mankind to consider this truth, that health solely depends on the state of purity in which the blood is kept, every part of the body being supplied daily with new blood from the food consumed, consequently, according to the pureness of that blood so must the state of the body be more or less healthy. To obtain, therefore, the most direct purifier of the blood is a question of no little importance to every individual. It matters not what Mr. Morison or Dr. Brandreth say about their ills of Vegetable, but what, medicine is really the best.

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In consequence of the most unparalleled success, and the wonderfully increasing sale of BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE PILL, her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have allowed the proprietor (by express permission) to have his name on the Government Label; and the public will observe that none are genuine unless "GEO. HODGKINON, Aldersgate-street," is engraved on the stamp—to counterfeit which is felony.

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Close by the New River Head, Islington, and is open all the year. The pieces played are Melo-dramas Laughable Burlettas, and Pantomimes—It is open every night, beginning at half-past 6. Boxes 2s. Pit 1s., Gallery 6d. Private Boxes may be had nightly, at £1 1s. each. It is under the management of Mr. Honner.

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*CITY OF LONDON THEATRE.

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500 Automaton Figures! Lion and Horses! by Signor Gagliardi, forming the following collection of Groupes—Coriolanus, on the walls of Rome, with the Volscia; Army, composed of upwards of 300 figures—Abd El Kader and the Emperor of Morocco—Canadian Insurrectionists, Papineau, Mackenzie, &c.—Judith and Holiphere—The Asylum—Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart—Androcles and the Lion—The Slave Market at Constantinople—Brigand's Groupe Fra Diavolo—Alice and Cora.—Open rom 11 in the morning till 11 at night. Saloon 1s. Gal. 6d. children half price.

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